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G A R L A N D,

THE OY- RING

N E W S O N G S,

C O N T A I N I N G

- 1 The Banks of the Dte
- 2 Down the Burn Davy Lovt
- 3 The Shepherd
- 4 The Surprising Man.



The B A N K S of the D E E,

Tune, Langolee;

It was summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree
 At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing
 I sat mysel down on the banks of the dee.
 Flow on lovely dee, flow on thou sweet river;
 Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
 Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
 mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels, so valient is he;
 And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the dee.
 He's gone hapless youth o'er the rude roaring ~~flow~~
 flows.

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved wills
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the dee,

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore
 him:
 Blest peace may restore my dear Shepherd to me
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch
 o'er him.

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee
 The Dee then shall flow all its beauties displaying
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing
 Whilst with my Sandy am early straying,
 and failing again in the sweet's of the dee.

Thus sang the fair maid on the banks of the river,

And sweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree;

But, now all these hopes must ev'nish for ever,

Since Sandy shall ne'er see the banks of the dee

On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,

In a foreign grave his body's now lying;

Whilst friends and acquaintance in Scotland are

 crying

For Sandy the glory and pride of the dee,

Mishap on the hand on which he was wounded;

Mishap on the wars that call'd him away

From a circle of friends by which he was surrounded

 Who mourn for dear Sandy the tedious day,

Oh! poor hapless maid who mourns discontented

The loss of a lover so justly lamented;

By time, only time can her grief be cemented,

 And all her dull hours become cheerful and
 gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her
 mourning,

From unjust rebellion his country to free;

He left her in hopes of his speedy returning,

 To wander again on the banks of the Dee;

For this he despis'd all dangers and perils;

'Twas thus he espous'd Britannias quarrels,

That when he came home he might crown her with
 laurels.

The happiest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,

 Though dreadful the thought must be unto me;

He fell like brave Wolf, when the troops were
 victorious

Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree;

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Yet, when he's gone, the birds will follow,
And all the flowers still be happiness over,
No doubt he inspired me, pity and sorrow,
For me he has left on the banks of the Que.

Down the Burn Davy, Love,

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see
When Mary was complete fifteen,

And love laugh'd in her ee's
By the Davy's blinks her heart did move
To leak her wind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davy, love,

Down the burn Davy, love,

Down the burn Davy, love,

Gang down the burn Davy, love,

Down the burn Davy, love,

Down the burn Davy, love,

Gang down the burn Davy, love,

And soon I'll follow thee

Now Davy did each lass for pale

But dwelt on this burn side;

And Mary was the bonniest lass,

Until meet to ge a brides

By the Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosay red and white,
Her eys were bonny blue,

her looks were like a fair bright morn, soft & fair,
her lips like dropping dew, and her yellow

eyebrows like the bow of Davie's bow,

you gave me such a smiling look, and I

as fare had dealt to her a rough, and a rugged

Strait to the kirk he led her, but a' that as the

There plighted her his faith and troth, a' rugged

and a bonny bride he made her; but a' that

No more ashamed to own her love,

I speak her mind thus free;

Gang down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

and I'll soon follow thee,

Gang down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

Gang down the burn Davie, love,

And I'll soon follow thee.

The Shepherd.

To the Tune of, Roselin Celtic.

By the mountain's side reclining,
Gazing o'er the landscape round,
Flowry meads, and verdant valleys,
With fertile sweets abounding.

Kind indulgent nature gives us
Sweets like these that never wear away,
Doubtless blyss would be our portion,
Could we these sweets enjoy.

Mark the rustic, gaily whistling,
Follow'd by his faithful dog;
And you coy and blushing maidens,
With her ribbons just in vogue;
Happier he than courtly nobles,
All in folly's tinsel dress;
happier she than jewell'd ladies,
With a far more peaceful breast.

Down beside you bank of roses;
See ! the shepherd tunes his reeds,
While his bleating lambkins round him
Gaily gambol on the mead.
From the crowded glaring city
Far and distant let me dwell;
all its blazing puny and praurer,
Sweet's like these can far excell.

The Surprising Man.

Tune. A Cobler there was, &c.

There once was a man you may think it uncom-
mon,
But if he said true he was born of a woman;
And though it's scarce credible, yet I've been told
He was once a mere infant but age made him old.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

When' er he was hungry he call'd for some
meat,
And when he cou'd get it you're sure he would eat

When thirsty he'd drink if you'd give him a pou',
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

His face was the queerest that ever was seen,
For if twas not wash'd, it seldom was quite clean.
He drew'd most of his teeth when he laugh'd,
did grin,
For his mouth stood just crois 'twixt his nose and
his chin.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,

And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
walk'd;

But his gait was so odd had you seen him you'd burst
For one leg or other would always be first.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He seldom or never could see without light,
Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night.
But he fell fast asleep as he lay in his bed,
Yet has oft been awake in the morning 'tis said.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

When this caw-caw chap had a river to pass,
If he could not get over he said where he went,
And tho' he did seldom e'er quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Among other strange things which befell this
good yeoman,

He was married poor foul! — And his wife a
woman.

King that the was young compleat and mild,
Till he was old he was never with child.
Derry down, down, boy derry down.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicle tell,
And when it is he was not very well.
But what was his woful in so weak a condition,
That the could give no fee — so could get no physi-
cian.

Derry down, down, boy derry down.

When wonder he died! — But 'tis said that his
death.

Was occasioned at last by the want of his breathe
But peace to his bones, which his ashes now
moulder.

Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.

Derry down, down, boy derry down.

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